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The space occupied by ten lines of this type (comparably) shall constitute a square.

The following poetry, written by an old gentleman of four score and two years, was found in the hall-entrance of the late residence of the late of the election on the second Tuesday of October, 1868, and soon thereafter published by us in the *Portentous Gazette*. We publish it in the columns of this Press, as the work of a number of the relatives and friends of the writer, who is now deceased.

WRITTEN FOR THE COMING ELECTION.

On the billows of time I've continued to roll,
Till its surges have brought me once more to the soil.
I come to retire, to exhort and advise
All parties to vote for the good and the wise:
They're the bulwarks of freedom, the call of our land,
The first to obey and the best to command.

Wisdom and virtue exalt the nation,
But vice and degradation debase the station.
They call me a Democrat, call me a Whig,
For a choice in the title I do not give a fig;
I was taught in the Jefferson Democratic School,
When measures, not men, was the cardinal rule.
When Democrats measure have had the control,
I've been true to the needle that points to the pole.

But when they've contended about a mere name,
I've left them to shuffle and play their own game.
As with the Democrats, so with the Whigs,
When wrong, they must fight and dance their own wigs.
When Taylor was fighting a battle for peace,
Each action his fame and his merits increased;
He was prudent in council and brave in the field,
No numbers or barriers induced him to yield;

He sat unspurred where the heralds of death,
When his country's peril was at its height;
He was wise and firm, and his words were his power,
And would not let a single word of his power
The arms of his country to glory be raised,
His wisdom and prudence each Democrat praised.

But when it was rumored that he was a Whig,
They set him aside as a rusty old pig;
I thought such indignity unfair;
And welcomed him into the *Portentous Chair*;
But God in his Providence called him away,
To receive his reward in the mansions of day.

I read your Constitution with much approval,
To gain its adoption I've been a faithful slave;
I read your platform with much approval,
To gain its adoption I've been a faithful slave.
The most brilliant star in the great constellation,
But still there are some, it grieves me to say,
That would harter our peace and our union away.

They profess great concern for the African slave,
I fear their concern is more ambitious than grave;
If their plans were successfully brought to a close,
At a legal election each candidate chose,
And sworn into office according to law,
They could not free a slave that was bound with a law.

Their efforts are vain, they are under restriction,
The slaves still remain beyond their jurisdiction.
If they tear into fragments our wise Constitution,
Involve us in anarchy, was that confusion,
Before they can liberate twenty-five slaves,
Ten thousand brave freemen they'll send to their graves.

That fearful and bloody disaster,
The slave will obey the commands of his master;
I know they are human, but still I fear,
That nature has placed them a grade below par;
If the blood of our ancestors ran in their veins,
How soon would these Africans throw off their chains.

Think, rise in conjunction and this be thy cry,
"Like freemen we live, or like horses we die!"
This bold intervention would spread such alarm,
As would soon bring their haughty oppressors to terms.
It was wrong to entice or to force them away
From a country that nature had formed for their stay.

The wrongs of my country I deeply deplore,
No northern freedomer can any more
I am no friend to slavery, far be it from me,
If I owned a slave I would set him free;
And when I remember that by the good God's hand,
I would transport him to his fatherland.

Still this can be done, I freely declare,
Lest the slave should remain where they are;
I have often been reminded that we are all brothers,
But Isaac and Ishmael had two different motives.
One gentler to bondage, the other was free-
This runs the immutable law of the sea.

Again they refer me to some higher law,
I appeal to the highest that man ever saw.
On the page of Divine law, I find that I am
The duties of man and servant defined;
St. Paul and St. Peter repeatedly say
That servants must always their masters obey.

With a friendly epistle he sent the slave home,
With a solemn injunction that he should there remain;
Observe and obey the commands of his master,
The examples and precepts of that highest law,
The vision of angels and men never say
I believe a slaveholder may be as good as dead.

As any freeman that's lived since the flood;
Else where are the Patriarchs, where the good
Sons?
That punished his covetous servant severely?
Behold St. Kittan, the first of mankind,
He left an obedient servant behind;
He passed over Jordan, there of his old law,
In a chariot of glory ascended to Heaven.

Many more texts of the like affirmation,
I could readily quote, from Divine law;
When the Savior his banner of mercy unfurled,
He told us his kingdom was not of this world,
He came to redeem from the bondage of sin,
His kingdom is virtue unimpeded within.

His redemption included the whole human race,
The master and slave have access to his grace;
He taught his Disciples with diligent care,
To remember the same situation they were;
If any were called being bound with a chain,
They became the Lord's freemen, so let them remain.

It is a law that cannot be legally free,
They became the Lord's servants, thus runs the decree.
Oh! the depths of the wisdom and knowledge of God,
Lays bare to his throne and submit to his rod;
His ways are unsearchable, past and future,
In the means he's appointed to bring them about;

He takes up the infants as very small things,
He holds in his hands the devices of kings;
He holds the rivers, he turns them wherever he will;
His decrees to enforce, his designs to fulfill,
His ways may be dark to the offspring of men,
His secrets are sure, his judgments are just;

He comes in his glory to rule and to reign,
He solves the enigmas, the mystery explains.
Our God is the author of union and peace,
May his kingdom advance and his angels increase.
Our Union has raised us to this high position,
From which on the kings of the earth we look down.
Our empire extends from the east to the west,
With peace and with plenty our nation is blest;
The flag of our union waves proud over the world,
Respected and honored wherever it's hoisted.

Let us follow the great Washington's last admonition,
And from the man that would name a disunion,
Let us learn and freedom in harmony run,
Till the last trumpet of Gabriel shall blow out the sun.

Now, brother freemen, I bid you adieu,
To God and your country be faithful and true;
May peace and prosperity be yours and the land,
And the blessings of Heaven attend you and your land.

With tears of affection bidding my fare thee well,
I tender my hand for a farewell embrace;
But don't shake it roughly, I'm feeble you know,
But kindly impress it, and then let it go.
Now my pledge is redeemed, and my song, at an end.

But still you may half me your faithful old friend,
Should this side of my life still continue to run,
Till another important election shall come,
And I to the ballot my ticket should bring.
I will cordially greet you, but never more sing;
No more will you greet me from the sweep of my hand.

Four seasons and two winters have ranged our climes,
Since my name was enrolled on the records of time;
What heart could suppose that I longer could be young,
On a harp that I used in a juvenile day;
My harp to repair or furnish new strings,
BIRMINGHAM, Oct. 10th, 1868.

A CHRISTMAS MYTH WITH A MORAL.
I had told him, Christmas morning,
That he had won my love;
Holding fast his little stocking,
Stuffed as full as it could be;
And with a look of triumph,
That said "I'm a winner," he said:
That old Santa Claus, who lived there,
Did not love a naughty child.

"But he'll be good; we'll be good!"
And off my lap he took;
Digging down among the toys,
In his crimson stocking hid;
Which I turned out with a look,
That said "I'm a winner," he said:
That old Santa Claus, who lived there,
Did not love a naughty child.

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That said "I'm a winner," he said:
That old Santa Claus, who lived there,
Did not love a naughty child.

Folding this up and directing it to
her lover, she called a little boy who
was passing.
"Do you want to earn three cents?"
she asked.

"Don't I though!" was the reply of
young America.
"Then carry this over and give it to
Mr. Billings, and mind you don't let
any one see it."

The boy nodded understandingly,
and was off on his mission.
Kitty was unusually lively and
cheerful through the day, and was un-
usually active in expediting her uncle's
departure.

"I'm afraid it's going to snow," said
the miller, looking at the clouds.
"O, no, it won't," said Kitty very
decidedly.

"You seem quite positive," said her
uncle.
"At any rate, I don't think it will,"
said Kitty.

"One might almost think that you
wish to get me out of the house,"
he remarked, looking at her.
"I'm not at all sure," said the miller,
considerably nearer the truth than
he imagined.

"So I do," said Kitty, with lucky
self-possession. "You said, uncle,
you expected to receive some money
and I thought if you did you might
give a little to buy me a new collar."

Precisely ten minutes after the mil-
ler's cart was seen rambling up the
road, Henry Billings made his ap-
pearance.

Perhaps the reader will not be as-
tonished at his hitting time so well,
when he learns—I beg pardon, she
learns (I always give precedence to
my own sex)—that Harry had been
watching around the corner for over
an hour in great impatience for this
sign that the coast was clear.

Kitty was knitting demurely by the
fire when she heard Harry's step on
the door-still.

"Good gracious, Harry, how you
surprised me," said she looking up
with a merry smile. "So unexpected,
you know."

"I thought I'd just look in upon
you," said he, with an answering
smile. "I suppose your uncle is at
home."

"I am very sorry to say that he will
be off all the evening. You will have
to call again."

"I guess I'll sit down and wait till
he comes back," said Harry, taking a
seat in his immediate proximity as he
dare venture upon.

I am not going to detail the conver-
sation that took place that evening be-
tween Kitty and her lover. Though
interesting to them, I have strong
doubts whether it would be equally
so to my present readers.

The general subject, however, was
devolving ways and means to propitiate
the determined uncle, and remove the
obstacles to their union.

This, however, was rather a difficult
matter, and they could not decide upon
anything which they thought could
answer the purpose.

Meanwhile time was passing, and
that rapidly. Ten o'clock came.
Kitty and her lover were in the
midst of an interesting discussion,
when, to their inexpressible conster-
nation, the familiar rattle of the mil-
ler's cart was heard as it entered the
yard.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Kitty,
"what could have brought uncle home
so soon?"

"It's only ten minutes past ten," said
Harry, looking hurriedly at his watch.
"Something or other has happened to
hasten his return. Is it possible he
suspected anything about your being
here? Oh, what will we do when he
finds you?"

"He can't do any more than order
me out of the house," said Harry.
"Don't be alarmed, Kitty, I will take
all the blame."

"But you can escape. You must!"
This seemed to be impossible, as
just then the miller was heard knock-
ing his feet against the scraper.

"Quick! let me hide you in the closet,"
said Kitty.

"Don't be so silly," said the miller,
"the miller is not a thief, and he will
not steal you."

"I'm not at all sure," said the miller,
"the miller is not a thief, and he will
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A THIEF OUTWITTED.
The *Ohio Patriot*, published at New
Lisbon, relates the following among
the incidents occurring in that vicinity
in the Old time:

It is an old saying that "honesty is
the best policy," and it is well to keep
the maxim "before the people," as a
kind of rod to hang in *terrorem* over
rogues—albeit the man who has paused
to debate whether honesty "will pay,"
is already at the half-way house to
knavery.—The man of true integrity—
of honesty pure as "the snow that's
three-sifted by the frozen wind"—is
such from no considerations of profit
or loss, but because he loves virtue for
its own sake, and would obey its dic-
tates at all hazards.

"Though sun and moon were in the flat sea
sank."
A good story, in illustration of the
old saw, was told us a few days ago,
of a chap in these parts. He had been
trading with Judge Endly, a shrewd
old merchant, who carried on business
in New Lisbon some years ago, and
among other things, had bought a bag
of feathers, for which he had made
payment with a twenty dollar bill.

While the judge was making change
at the other end of the store, happen-
ing to cast his eyes around accidentally
he saw his customer, who was partially
concealed by a molasses hoghead, slip
very dextrously a small roll of sheet
lead into the bag. Now some men,
under the circumstances would have
confronted the thief, and charged the
crime upon him at once; but the Judge
had his eye teeth too well cut out to
make an everlasting enemy of the
man, and lose his custom besides cut-
ting off all hopes of his reformation.

So, pretending not to have noticed the
theft, he handed the man his change,
and, lifting the bag, as if to put it into
the wagon—
"U-g-h! Why, mercy on me—how
heavy this is!" he exclaimed, as if as-
tonished at its weight, while his cus-
tomer had already sprang forward, but
too late to intercept him, begging him
not to trouble himself, as it was
"quite light," and he could easily place
it in the wagon himself.

"Why, really," continued the Judge
"I must have made some mistake in
the weight. Let me clap it into the
scales again."

"N-o, my dear sir—d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d
yourself—it's all right—I'm sure it is;
—I could take my oath of it," stam-
mered the frightened thief, as with
both hands he clutched the bag convul-
sively.

"Well, it won't do no hurt to weigh
it again, at all events," persisted the
cunning Judge, while with a vigorous
jerk he twitched it into the scale:

"There, I know I was right—it
seemed to me all-fired heavy—why it
weighs more'n thirty pounds over
what I sold 'em for! Guess I'll be a
little more careful next time—the
plaguey scales!"

"Oh, my dear sir—"
"Oh, you needn't take 'em all, if you
don't want 'em, you know. If there's
two many for your use, I can empty
out a part of 'em"—and with this,
suiting the action to the word, the
Judge was about untying the strings
of the bag—when—
"No—no!" don't trouble yourself,"
quickly replied the other; "on second
thought, I recollect my wife told me
she would want another lot in a day
or two—so I may as well get 'em all
at once."

And with this he forked over another
cool "ten spot," and dragging the
bag to the wagon, drove off like a
hurricane—having paid for his rascality
by buying pig lead at the price of
live geese feathers—first quality—fifty
cents per pound! He was cured of his
dishonesty; but, in spite of the Judge's
caution, the story eventually got wind
and, though the former always de-
clared that the lead must have fallen
into the bag accidentally, yet his neigh-
bors for many years after, were won't
to feed fat every grudge against him,
by inquiring "How's live geese feathers
now?"—or, if he got angry, telling
him "it's laid his feathers get ruffled;"
and to this at his most exultant
moments, if a flock of geese chance
to pass him, he was at once crest fal-
len, and sometimes nearly went into
convulsions.

WATCHING ONE'S SELF.
"When I was a boy," said an old
man, "we had a schoolmaster who had
an odd way of catching idle boys.
One day he called out to us:
"Boys, I must have closed attention
to your books. The first one of you
that sees another boy idle, I want
you to inform me, and I will attend to
the case."

"Ah, thought I to myself, there is
Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll
watch him, and if I see him look off
his book I'll tell. It was not long be-
fore I saw Joe look off his book, and
immediately I informed the master."

"Indeed," said he, "how did you
know he was idle?"
"I saw him look off his book," said
I.

"You did; and you saw him look
off his book when you saw him?"
"I was caught, and never watched
for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over
our own conduct we will have no
time to find fault with the conduct of
others.

SPIRITUALISTIC TROUBLES.—A de-
putation of Spiritualists waited on
Commissioner Rollins yesterday, asking
his interference in the case of the me-
diums known as the Davenport Brothers,
who were arrested in the oil
regions of Pennsylvania last Thursday
and carried to Meadville, and there
held to bail to appear at Pittsburgh
before the U. S. Court. They are
charged with defrauding the revenue
by practicing jugglery without paying
license. Mr. Rollins refuses to inter-
fere, and there is great excitement
among the Spiritualists.

A SISTER'S OATH FOR VENGEANCE.
The New Albany (Ind.) *Commercial*
gives some additional details of the
recent scenes in the Floyd county jail:
MRS. AND MISS RENO AND MRS. AN-
DERSON.

Frank Reno and Chas. Anderson
were married. After the bodies had
been laid out upon the floor in the jail
hall, the wives of these two men and
Miss Reno, the sister of the three
brothers, were permitted to enter the
hall to take their last look at those
who, although covered with crime,
were in their lives, all the world to
them. Ah! what a scene was there!

What grief and anguish! what un-
tenable woe! The three women enter-
ed, pale by far than the dead bodies
stretched out so stark and ghastly upon
the prison floor. First came Mrs. Reno,
these despairing women such pierc-
ing shrieks as love only can utter when
it feels that all it lived for is lost for-
ever. Then the tears like rain, burst-
ing from overflowing fountains, and
moans so touching in their plaintive-
ness and utter despair that not even
the most stolid could keep from weep-
ing.

A SISTER'S OATH FOR VENGEANCE.
The outburst of grief ended, the
quiet of despair settled upon the faces
of the women. But not long did one of
them remain under the burden.
The sister of the three Reno brothers—an
intelligent and handsome young lady—
dried her eyes with her handkerchief,
then taking the grief stricken piece of
linen, she placed it over the face of her
brother William—who to the last de-
clared his innocence—then she knelt
beside the dead man, and laid her left
hand over his heart, and raising her
right one towards heaven, she took
this terrible oath: "Oh! my poor
murdered brother, may God curse your
sister if she avenge not your death,
terribly and fully. This I will do, so
help me God!" What a tragic
scene was that! The dark, strong
walls on all sides, and the cold stone
floor beneath her knees. The sable
garments of the bereft sister, the pale
face turned upward, and the white
hand pointing heavenward. What a
tableau of death, despair, love and re-
venge.

THE LEADER OF THE MOB.
The leading spirit of the mob was of
large, portly man, well dressed and of
commanding personal appearance. In
the murky light as he moved through
the cell room, issuing orders, pointing
out positions, and adjusting ropes
around the necks of the victims, a
brilliant diamond ring gave forth its
flashes of light. This was noticed by
several persons in the jail, as well as
by the prison guards who had been
captured and placed in the Sheriff's
room. Who knows but that diamond
ring may yet cost the wearer trouble?
Who can say that it may not lead to
the detection of many of the men en-
gaged in the terrible work of Saturday
morning?

THE RENO FAMILY.
Of the Reno family but four are now
living. The father, an old man of
near seventy-five years, two sons and
a daughter. One of these sons was
released from the Missouri Peniten-
tiary last Thursday, and his brother,
who is said to be an honest, good citi-
zen, is now in Missouri for the purpose
of bringing him home. If he comes
he is sure to meet the fate of Frank,
William and Simeon. The daughter,
a young lady of medium size, of very
prepossessing appearance, and intelligent
and accomplished. The mother died
during the past fall, of a broken heart.

A HUNDRED YEARS IN JAIL.
A certain house-breaker was con-
demned in the latter part of the last
century, in France, and under peculiar
circumstances, to a hundred years in
the gallery, and, strange to tell, this
man made his appearance in his own
native province at the advanced age of
120 years, he being about 20 years of
age when the sentence that condemned
him to such a dreadful punishment
was passed. It is difficult to conceive
what the feelings must have been with
which he returned as soon as emanci-
pated from the shackles which had
enthralled him for a century, to breathe
once more the cherished air of the
scenes of his infancy. Bourge, in the
department of Ain, was his native
home, but time had so changed the
place that he recognized it only by the
church of Boron, which was the only
thing that had undergone no alteration.
He had triumphed over laws, bond-
age, man, time, everything. Not a re-
laxation had he left, not a single being
could he hail in acquaintance, yet he
was not without experiencing the
homage and respect the French pay
age. For himself, he had forgotten
everything connected with his early
years; even all recollection of the
crime for which he had suffered was
lost, or, if at all remembered, it was
a dreary vision conformed with a
thousand other dreary visions of days
long gone by. His family and connec-
tions for several generations all dead,
himself a living proof of the clemency
of Heaven and the severity of man,
regretting, perhaps, the very iron
which had been familiar to him, and
half wishing himself again among the
wretched and suffering beings with
whom his fate had been so long asso-
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